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BAKER ST.,
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NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. III.

NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1900.

NO. 48

THE result of the elections last Saturday may be regarded as a notice to the present Lieutenant-Governor, and all future Lieutenant-Governors of this Province, that the electors of British Columbia do not take kindly to the destructive methods employed by Lieutenant-Governor McInnes to deprive the people of Responsible Government. For, after all, that was the real issue before the people, although local issues were dragged into the fight in various localities. While the result does not guarantee an early settlement of the troubles that have perplexed the people and disturbed the once peaceful conditions prevailing throughout the Province, yet a decisive step has been made in that direction. As we anticipated, only one party will have enough adherents to form a Government, and that is the opposition led by Mr. Turner. But there appears no good reason why several who are not allied to the party led by Mr. Turner should not for the present abandon petty local issues and come together to ensure a speedy restoration of confidence in the Province. If personal spite is not made subordinate to the general weal, we shall remain embedded in the slough of despond.

It would take a very wise person, indeed, to pronounce the exact result of last Saturday's elections, but the following tabulated statement, it seems to us, may throw some light on the situation:

Government.....	7	Labor	1
Opposition.....	20	Provincial Party.....	3
Conservatives.....	4	Independent.....	2

It will be observed from the foregoing that Mr. Turner, if permitted to do so, could alone meet the House with enough followers to carry on a Government, as it was really an anti-Martin-McInnes fight, and as many who ran as Conservatives, Provincial Party, or Independents could ensure the conduct of a strong Government, it does not appear that there should be any hesitation in enlisting the support of any one of the elements mentioned above. It is true that the Liberals included in the Opposition party might object strongly to throwing in their fortunes with the Conservatives, as in that event it might be construed as a Conservative victory, while really the Liberals have contributed toward bringing about the victory. In that event the Opposition, it must be confessed, would be the loser. Indeed, it will take a wise head to solve the problem. Just how many Liberals are included in the Opposition we do not know, but we should suppose there are at least seven. Dividing the successful candidates into Liberals and Conservatives as they voted at the last election, we incline to the belief that neither could count on a majority, and should either party be permitted to pre-

dominate, it would be a matter of great doubt as to the result.

In the Kootenays the result of the election must be taken as a complete endorsement of the Eight-Hour Law. Every one of the candidates made "hands off the Eight-Hour Law" the slogan of battle. As a matter of fact, only one candidate dared to announce that he was willing to permit any change in that law as it now stands. Organized labor divided in Rossland district, with the result that the election was close. In Nelson district, except at one or two points, organized labor selected its candidate and supported him, with the result that he was elected by a large majority. In the Slocan the same policy was adopted with a similar result, and we understand this was the case in the other constituencies. This is something the Coast politicians should bear in mind when making slate for a new government. It should not be regarded as a wholesale endorsement of the Eight-Hour Law, but rather as giving notice that the people in the mining districts want it understood that they desire a return to settled conditions at once.

In Nelson riding the contest was carried on in a very good-natured manner by the candidates and their friends. The candidates were models of courtesy in dealing with each other, and this respectful attitude really became contagious, so that now when the smoke of battle has cleared away there is nothing left to indicate that a great political struggle has just taken place. Exception might be taken in the case of the "grafters," who do not like the color of the situation as it now presents itself to their view. Dr. Hall polled a very small vote, in a measure probably due to the fact that Smith Curtis practically claimed the doctor as a Martin candidate, and anything savoring of "Martinism" is obnoxious to the residents of Nelson. Dr. Hall will now return to his practice a sadder and a wiser man, but his reputation as a gentleman and a skillful physician has not been impaired in the slightest degree. Mr. Fletcher carried on his campaign in a manner well calculated to win friends. Even when the battle waxed hot, Mr. Fletcher refrained from saying or doing anything that could be construed to his disadvantage. The reasons advanced for his defeat are many. Some maintain that his victorious opponent is invincible, while others profess to believe that he was surrounded by influences which will never win a battle in Nelson riding, and that shorn of these disadvantages and Dr. Hall out of the field the contest would have been very close. For our own part we regard it as rather a tribute to Mr. Fletcher's standing as a citizen, that

under the peculiar conditions prevailing, he polled such a large vote. No doubt, the influence of the Nelson Conservative Association was a considerable factor in the fight, but, in any event, we believe Mr. Fletcher would have polled a respectable vote, and he has demonstrated the fact that under ordinary circumstances he would be a hard man to beat. The victorious candidate, Mr. John Houston, has reason to feel proud of his victory. Like the two other candidates, he did not inflict an unnecessary wound. Controlling a newspaper that might have printed many things that would have embittered the contest, he scrupulously restrained from writing a harsh word of his opponents. Indeed on many occasions he was moved to write very pleasant things of Mr. Fletcher. This was "good politics," and no doubt contributed towards rolling up Mr. Houston's large majority. Discreetly also, we are constrained to believe, he avoided going farther than to say that he would oppose Joseph Martin, that he would fight any change in the Eight-Hour Law, and that he believed in the principles advocated by the Provincial Party. As the Provincial Party has been practically swept out of existence, and as many of their principles might easily enough be given effect by almost any other party, Mr. Houston is free to connect himself with any strong party that may have for its objective point the general good of the people. Indeed, nearly every one of the Kootenay members are free to combine with any strong party. In the past THE ECONOMIST has disagreed in many points with Mr. Houston, but we have not the slightest hesitation now in extending him hearty congratulations on his victory. If he fights a strong battle for the interests of the Province in general and Nelson riding in particular, we will forgive many of the depreciatory things he has said in the past regarding this almost indispensable family journal and its publisher.

MR. CHARLES WILSON, Q. C., was defeated by a narrow majority in Vancouver.

It is complained that one of the causes of the defeat of Mr. Mackintosh in Rossland district was Mr. Charles E. Race, a former highly esteemed citizen of Nelson.

Two political generals fell in the battle—Mr. Wilson and Mr. Cotton at Vancouver.

The people of British Columbia are weary of elections. What is wanted now is a settled condition of affairs.

MR. TURNER fought a splendid battle. Will he be permitted to enjoy the fruits of his victory?

THE silent vote in Ymir did not turn out just as Dr. Hall's friends thought it would.

THE army has at length reached its destination—Pretoria, and now a start will be made for home.

British prisoners, says the *Toronto Telegram*, who have been doing a six months' and more term on the Pretoria race track, will be glad to see that Kruger is gone and that Lord Roberts is the new com in town.

The defeat of Hon. Charles H. Mackintosh in Rossland riding is greatly regretted. He has already done a great deal for Rossland, and in the capacity of legislator he could have accomplished much more. The citizens of Rossland may live to regret the day when they permitted the defeat of Mr. Mackintosh.

The Irish comedian's corruption of the phrase, "*sic semper tyrannus*," to "Sick send for McNamee" might be employed to express Joe Martin's feelings when he read the election returns last Saturday night.

It can now be easily understood why Joseph Martin was opposed to the \$200 deposit for candidates. In many of the constituencies the Martin candidates forfeited their deposits.

In forming a new government no attention should be given to the advice of "grafters."

British Columbia has been a prolific field for the "grafting" industry.

The most effective speech delivered in the campaign was that of James Wilkes, the labor leader. We do not altogether endorse Mr. Wilkes' sentiments, but we must confess he can make a most convincing speech from his own standpoint when occasion demands.

With the inauguration of the "Imperial Limited" service the Canadian Pacific Railway will operate a through sleeper between Arrowhead and Vancouver for the accommodation of the Kootenay business. This will be a very great convenience to the travelling public.

The friends of Mr. Wilson here, who were "first, last and always" for Mr. Wilson, feel very much depressed over the defeat of their leader, and quite naturally so.

Mr. CHARLES SGMITH and Mr. J. Fred Hume were wiser men than Mr. Cotton and Mr. Forster. They abandoned the ship when she struck the rocks and did not wait for the wave that submerged the Semlin Government.

HON. J. H. TURNER extended hearty congratulations to Mr. Houston, for which many who have been opposed to "Turnerism" until the last few days feel greatly grieved. In sending Mr. Houston a telegram

of congratulation he probably intended to convey the impression that all of the opponents might now work together for the country's good.

It does not seem to have been altogether fair to drag the Nelson voters' lists matter into the Vancouver campaign. Mr. Wilson should not be held responsible for the trouble over the lists here, and the surreptitious manner in which the story of the affair was circulated in Vancouver to prejudice Mr. Wilson with organized labor was scarcely just.

The Opposition, by which we mean all opposed to Martin rule, have announced a meeting at Vancouver next Monday to arrange a general policy and generally to get their House in order. The variety of parties and extraordinary affiliations represented in the Opposition make it an exceedingly difficult matter to arrive at a satisfactory arrangement by which a united party will meet the House, which course would render it almost impossible to accomplish what is most desired at the present time. Already one of the elements in the contest has proffered its support to Mr. Turner, which, of course, strengthens his hands in forming a Government. If a Government is not formed at the present time, the country will be put to the expense of another election, which is the greatest calamity that could befall British Columbia. We hope and trust that political preference will be made subordinate to general welfare.

PREPARATIONS for the Dominion Day celebration are progressing favorably. Already, entries are being made for the principal contests, all of which promise to reach a higher degree of excellence than on any former occasion.

The elections have somewhat disorganized business, and the merchants for the first time in many years are complaining of dull times. Of course, it is between seasons and the lull is only temporary.

HON. DAVID MILLS points out in his book, *The English in Africa*, that in 1813 six Boers were tried for treason in rebelling against British authority in Cape Colony. One was pardoned and five hanged. The one who was pardoned was named Kruger, "whose execution might have changed the currents of South African history." This is a good hint of what should be done with the present crop of traitors.

In an article on the "Curse of the Modern Church," Principal Grant writes as follows in *Westminster*: "Finance is the curse which is destroying the vitality of the modern church. What shall it profit a man if he saves a city but allows the financial interests of his congregation to suffer; is the deepest thought with many. The iron so enters into the soul of the spiritually-minded pastor that he is apt to long for

the old church and state condition of things, when he could have preached without thought of the annual balance sheet, in which the chief interest centres on dollars.

SPEAKING of the origin of the word "deadhead," Frederick Stanley says: "In the museum at Naples I was much interested in a case of theatrical tickets found in a tragic theater in Pompeii. They were made variously in bone, ivory and metal. You are aware, perhaps, that to this day the gallery of an Italian theater is called the pigeon loft. The little tickets for this part of the auditorium were in the shape of pigeons, while varying devices were used for other parts of the house. What attracted my attention most curiously, however, was a set of diminutive skulls modeled in ivory. These were used solely by those having the right of free admission. Now, does this not suggest the very possible derivation of the term?"

ONCE a flourishing Roman city and supposed to be one of seven cities where Christianity was planted about the middle of the third century, Limoges is the capital of the department of Haute, Vienne, and is 250 miles south of Paris. Its porcelain manufactures are justly celebrated. In 1768 kaolin was found near by, and naturally they immediately began making the hard paste porcelain. This is more durable, though ware made of soft paste absorbs less color in the decorating and has a pleasing softness of effect. The popular Haviland china is made at the same place.

Canadian Camping Song.

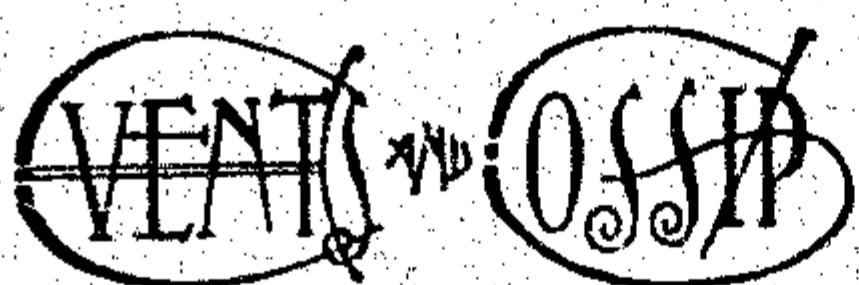
By the late Sir James Edgar.

A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me;
I fear no blaze of the noon tide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,—
The odor of forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row or sail;
With always a fish for a middy dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale.
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant bays;
When darkness folds our canvass walls,
We kindle the camp-fire blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still;
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of Whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love.

The Nelson base ball club will go to Spokane on the 22nd.



ON a car crowded with men, women and children coming from the park, an old lady entered, only to find all the seats taken, and the aisle jammed with people hanging on the straps. Most of the gentlemen who were seated were too far away to make the offering of a seat practicable, but one who was directly in front of the old lady turned his head toward the window and paid no attention to her. The woman was aged in appearance and looked tired and worn. Time had not dealt gently with her, and she exhibited in her bearing all the evidences of fatigue and nervous exhaustion. Wearily she clung to the strap, and looked as if she were almost ready to drop from tiredness. But the man sat calmly looking out of the window. To my certain knowledge he had been sitting in his office all day and had no need for a seat while an old lady was standing. There was some curiosity at first as to the species to which he belonged, but at last he was recognized as belonging to the great family of human hogs. He was simply showing one more of his beautiful traits. The other passengers wanted to drop him into a sewer, but a desire to maintain the water in as pure a state as possible prevented such a course. The hog was permitted to remain on the car.

"Every lawyer who has ever tried a case in which there is a vigorous dispute as to the facts," said an old lawyer to the writer the other day, "appreciates what we call a good witness. My observation is that a darkey, if he is of the bright, intellectual variety, makes the best kind of a witness. In the first place, he thoroughly enjoys it, is prompt in attendance, and you can always rely on his being in place when you call him. Then again, his asseverations on the witness stand have nothing uncertain about them; his imagination is as strong as that of a woman, and, womanlike, he is just as positive of what he imagines he saw as he is of what he actually saw. Added to these virtues is the fact that he is a zealous partisan. If you do him the honor to ask him to be a witness for you, he considers it as little as he can do in return to win your case for you if swearing will win it, and he thinks it will. The law has a mystic fascination for him; he loves its mystery and loves to drown his senses in the oblivion of its incomprehensibility. And when he goes to court, he keeps his eyes and ears open, and really learns and remembers a great deal of its technicalities in a sort of superficial way, and is very fond of making a display of it."

Biologists assert that inebriety is a physical disease which may be inherited, the children of inebriates becoming perhaps epileptic, insane or criminals. In a large proportion of cases the third and fourth generations from drunkards are criminals or paupers. But it is uncertain, having pointed out the undesir-

able nature of a union upon physiological or pathological grounds, the advice of the medical man would be adopted. There is no such thing as "future" with persons who have plighted their troth; they are too much absorbed in contemplating and revelling in the present. "The things that are," afford them all the satisfaction that they require, without, in their opinion, demanding any consideration with regard to things that might be. For example, no marriage should take place between persons having the same hereditary tendency to disease, a prohibition which is especially important in contemplated marriages between relatives. The medical profession admits that it is face to face with one of the greatest problems in sociology which confronts the present day, and it is its duty to open up the way so that the religious and civil authorities can follow. It has been proposed that, as undesirable immigration is another source of the growing evil in this country, the Government should take the matter in hand, and only admit those immigrants who can furnish a consular certificate that insanity, inebriety, crime or pauperism is not hereditary in the families from which they sprung. It is a comparatively easy matter for the Government to exclude from admission any more of these people thus diseased, but how to dispose of the stock now on hand will tax the best minds of the country.

The Government interposes no objection to the marriage and multiplication of these people. It licenses and legalizes a traffic which largely contributes to their propagation and the influence of which will be handed down to posterity. It is the duty of the Government as a sanitary measure to assume entire control of the manufacture and sale of alcohol. Every attribute of the human family might be improved and new ones be possibly developed were science brought to the aid of sentiment in mating the sexes.

I read the following in an exchange the other day: "One would be pardoned for thinking that a man who earned his livelihood by working in the fresh air of the country, surrounded by sights delightful to the eye and refreshing to the mind, would be far less liable to brain diseases than the sitting on a stool over a ledger in the stuffy atmosphere of a smoke-dyed city. But if statistics prove anything they prove the worthlessness of that possible supposition. More agricultural laborers go mad per cent for per cent than any other workers. It is monotony which excites disinterestedness, which leads to depression, which develops melancholia, which ends perhaps in a cure, possibly in a suicidal act, probably in an asylum. It may safely be said that Sunday saves thousands upon thousands from the madhouse. It is the one break from week to week which thousands of natures demand. The agricultural laborer, the artisan and other similar classes live in monotony, broken here and there by a small incident which in time becomes itself monotonous. A man perhaps drives rivets. He drives them every day of the week except Sunday.

every motion of his work becomes mechanical. There is no interest in his work beyond what it finds for him on Saturday. He has one thing to do, and the more he does that the less he does everything else. Consequently the brain becomes weak for want of more general use, and weakens until it snaps. A fine thing is a healthy hobby, but a finer, especially for labor workers, is a sport. Healthy recreation keeps more people out of the madhouse than anything the doctors could do. Nature demands a certain amount of balance, and she will have it or be revenged."

The music at the Park is attracting large audiences every Sunday. Nelson has now a breathing spot of which it may well feel proud, and it has also two brass bands capable of providing most acceptably high class music. Selections by Steiner's band from Hall's "Bohemian Girl", last Sunday, excited favorable comment.

Manager Annable has arranged with the Clara Mathes' dramatic company for a week's engagement at the Nelson Opera House, beginning July 2.

P. G.

Communication with Pretoria has been resumed.

There will be a weekly dance at the pavilion at Lake Park.

Work has been commenced on the Great Hopes in Deadwood Camp.

A half interest in the Royal Hotel has been sold to R. Scott McLeod.

Rossland and Kaslo military companies may come to Nelson on Dominion Day.

Buglostown has been receiving nightly visits from band. One was shot Monday night.

Work on the Dominion Copper Company's property in Phoenix camp will be resumed in a short time.

The attendance at the public library is rapidly increasing since its removal to the new building.

The new machinery at the R. C. mine at Summit Camp is set up, and has been running several times for testing purposes.

A telegram from Victoria to-day is to the effect that the political situation remains unchanged, although Joseph Martin's resignation was expected any moment.

It is predicted that the run at Athabasca mine will aggregate close to \$25,000 this month. This estimate is based on the fact that 200 ounces of gold were taken from the plates the other day.

The marriage of Mrs. Jean E. Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Esplin, Winnipeg, to Charles Hobbs, took place at the Prairie City last Monday. THE ECONOMIST extends hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs.

John Lancaster, the comedian, was sight-seeing with a Tommy Atkins in Quebec one day, and they had as companion and guide an old soldier. When they reached the Wolfe monument, which is located on a historic spot, Tommy said: "Wot's this?" The guide replied: "Ere's w're a geat 'ero fell." "Did hit 'urt 'im?" asked Tommy. "'Urt 'im!" replied the guide; "w'y, hit killed 'im!"

Mr. Carson, Q.C., M.P., relates an amusing story of a Dublin carman who drove him from the Kingsbridge terminus during the recent visit of the Queen to the Irish capital. "Begorra, yer honor," said the carman, "sure I suppose the visit of the Queen will bring about good feeling between the people of the two countries?" "I hope it will," said Mr. Carson, "but there is really not any bad feeling." "Well, yer honor," returned the carman, "I used to work down Surrey way meself, and if they knew I was an Irishman, sorra a bit of a job I ever would have got. And whin they asked me where I came from, I always tould them I was a London man, and they never knew the differ."

Sara Bernhardt, in her unpublished memoirs, gives an interesting account of her first attempt at acting. She says: "In the convent of Grand-Champs, where I was brought up, it was the custom to get up theatricals every year for St. Catherine's Day. Sister Therese had written a piece called Tobias' Journey, and the pupils were all in high glee; only I was inconsolable, desperate, for no part had been assigned to me. I knew the whole piece by heart and shed bitter tears at the rehearsals. One of my friends, Luise Buguet, was to play the part of an angel, but in her timidity could not speak a word. I studied the part with her, but all in vain. At last I took courage, and going to Sister Therese begged that I might play it. The rehearsal was a success, and at the performance itself, in my excitement, I spoke much more than was in my part, and was much praised. At the dinner given after the theatricals a special dish was served for those who had acted—cream, my favorite. When it was handed round, Luise Buguet took my portion, saying: 'Since you played my part, it is only just that I should eat your cream.' The tears started to my eyes—I was ten years old at the time—but Sister Therese, taking me by the hand, led me to Bishop Sibour, who presented me with a medal, telling me at the same time to declaim 'Esther's Prayer' on the occasion of his next visit. But that never came to pass, for a few days later, after Mass, the chaplain, deeply emotioned, informed us the Monseigneur had been murdered."

FROM THE CAPITAL

(Special Correspondence of THE ECONOMIST.)

VICTORIA, June 11, 1900.

VICTORIA did her duty on Saturday, as, in fact, nearly every constituency in the Province did. It was what might be called a warm election here, and, as you will observe by the published reports, it was very close. The counting of the ballots was not completed until 12 o'clock, and at about 2 o'clock five hack loads went up in front of Perry Mills' residence and cheered for the "Big Four," but Perry failed to present himself to his visitors. From there the crowd went to the Government House, drove into the grounds right up to the front door, where a repetition of the scenes in front of Perry Mills' residence took place.

Already the politicians are making slates, and it is generally admitted that Mr. Turner should be called upon to form a Government. It is feared that the Lieutenant-Governor will once more display his contempt for responsible government by calling on some one without a following. There is a strong determination to obliterate federal party lines and organize a party to be known for the present as anti-Martinites, to be composed of all the members elected on the anti-Martin platform, of whom there will be about thirty. With an equitable distribution of cabinet seats, the portfolio of Minister of Mines should go to one of the Kootenay districts. The names of two gentlemen elected last Saturday are most discussed in this connection. It is felt that it would be disastrous to overlook a Kootenay district in giving out this portfolio, and that it would be more to our advantage on the Coast to have a Minister of Mines in close touch with the districts most interested in mining. By the time this letter is received you will probably have learned by wire all the new developments in political circles.

Martin's "workers" are feeling rather sore to-day. B. J. Perry is going around with a face on him as long as an undertaker at a hundred-dollar funeral, but he will probably adapt himself to changed conditions at as early a moment as possible.

There was a rumor that the Lieutenant-Governor would call upon J. C. Brown of New Westminster to form a Government, but the latter would not be able to succeed, as his greatest opposition would come from the Liberal ranks.

T.

The Verdict.

(Victoria Colonist.)

Yesterday's voting was prolific in surprises. The only thing demonstrated by it is that the government is in a hopeless minority. Two ministers, Messrs. Yates and Beebe have been defeated, and Martin, apparently cannot count above ten followers in the new house, even giving him the benefit

of those who declined to declare specifically against him.

The result of the election must be taken as a strong condemnation of the Martin policy, including government ownership of railways which of itself is a very satisfactory thing, for it will remove this chimera from our politics. The action of the Lieutenant-Governor has been repudiated in an unmistakable manner.

Great interest will attach to the course which Mr. Martin will now take. He has said that he would resign if the people pronounced against him, and this they have unquestionably done. We do not regard the general political situation as much cleared by the elections, and are very strongly of the opinion that another appeal to the people will have to be brought on at an early day. Further comments are deferred for the present, except that Mr. Martin must unquestionably vacate the Premiership at the earliest possible day.

Expectation is on tip-toe as to the course which the Ottawa Ministry will take in regard to the Lieutenant-Governor. Until this is known nothing can be surmised as to the future with even a semblance of probability.

It is very clear from the returns so far as received that the only man in the new house who can form a government with any prospect of success is Mr. J. H. Turner.

Old Man's Song.

"Twas beyond Macreddin, at Owen Doyle's weddin',

The boys got the pair of us out for a feet,

Says I, "Boys, excuse us," says they, "Don't refuse us,"

"I'll play like an' alax," says Larry O'Neill,

So off we went trippin' it, and up and down steppin' it,

Herself and Myself on the back of a doore;

Till Molly—God bless her!—fell into the dresser,

An' I tumbled over the child on the floor,

Says Herself to Myself, "We're as young as the best of them."

Says Myself to Herself, "Shure we're better than gold."

Says Herself to Myself, "We're as young as the rest o' them."

Says Myself to Herself, "Troth, we'll never grow old."

As down the lane gone, I felt my heart growin'

As young as it was forty-five years ago,

Twas here in this boren I first kissed by storeen—

A sweet little colleen with skin like the snow,

I looked at my woman—a song she was hummin'

As old as the hills—so I gave her a pogtie—

Twas like our old courtin', half serious, half sportin',

When Molly was young, an' when hoops were in vogue,

When she'd say to Myself, "You can court with the best o' them,"

When I'd say to Herself, "Sure, I'm better than gold,"

When she'd say to Myself, "You're wild as the rest o' them,"

And I'd say to Herself, "Troth, I'm tame enough old."

Edinburgh is noted for its aristocracy, Glasgow for its shipbuilders and engineers, Dundee for its jute merchants and Aberdeen for its "canny going bodies."

The Cesarewitch—A Tale of the Turf

I AM—or, rather, was—a jockey. There! now I have lost prestige in the eyes of many thousands of people who hate "the turf" and all connected with it; yet I am proud of the fact that I have been a jockey, and prouder still to know that I was respected by my fellow-professionals.

Had I the inclination and the ability I could fill a book with facts gained from personal experience and observation—facts which might possibly induce readers to suspect that jockeys, as a class, are as honorable as any other set of professional men; aye, perhaps even more honorable, for the path of no other professional man is so thickly studded with gaily-gilded temptation; and, after all, the successful resistance of subtle temptation is the best proof of honor.

On the other hand, I must candidly confess that I could find more than enough material to fill a book disclosing the dark side of the turf. The public knows all about that phase of turf life however, and unfortunately a certain section of the public—the uninitiated and therefore one-sided section—can not discern the difference, so far as respectability is concerned, between the jockey and the sharper.

But enough of this. Everybody has heard of Tom Kenyon, the once-famous jockey, but everybody has not heard a certain little story about him.

Early one evening, many years ago, Tom Kenyon was informed that Lord Clunmore wished to have a word with him in private. Tom had just retired to rest, for he was in strict training for the Cesarewitch at the time, but he hurriedly rose and dressed.

His hurry was not due to the fact that his visitor was a peer of the realm, for jockeys often receive visits from the aristocracy; but Lord Clunmore's father—the late Lord Clunmore—had been Tom's patron. The turf never knew a more straightforward and honorable sportsman than the late lord, and no jockey ever had a better master.

No wonder, then, that Tom Kenyon hastened to meet the son of his old master. He wondered what could be the object of the visit, for it was generally understood that the young lord had forsaken the turf.

"Good evening, Tom," was Lord Clunmore's greeting as he shook the jockey warmly by the hand. "Are you well?"

"Quite well, my lord, thank you," replied Tom, and then, observing his visitor's careworn appearance, he added, "I'm sorry to see that you are not in the best of health."

"I'm well enough," said Lord Clunmore; "but I came to see you on a matter of business."

In an instant Tom was all attention.

"Tom, I think I can trust you. You know that my father trusted you with many an important secret."

Tom bowed.

"You will remember that I sold my father's stable

and every one of his much-prized horses when I came into possession of the estate!"

"Perfectly, my lord. That is why I am with Sir Eric Marsden now."

"By the bye, how do you get on with the honorable member for West Bankleigh?"

"Excellently, my lord—almost as well as with the late Lord Clunmore."

"I am glad, of course, I expected as much. But I must get on with my confession—for such it is. Do you know why I severed my connections with the turf?"

"Because you were disgusted with it, I understand."

"That was one reason, but not the only one. The fact is, my father left me practically penniless."

Tom stared at the speaker in undisguised astonishment.

"It is a fact, Tom. I gave up my horses but I did not give up backing others. The result is that I am now on the very verge of bankruptcy; and in a short time I am to marry Lady Florence Garthwaite. Consequently, within the next few months, I must, by some means or other, raise at least—"

"Excuse me, my lord," interrupted Tom. "I—er—that—is—well, of course, you are aware that I owe my present position and my private fortune entirely to your father. I have about £20,000 invested in consols. I can soon realize it, and if you don't mind, it's yours, and nobody shall know anything about it."

"Your generosity does credit to your heart, Tom, but, of course, I can not accept your char—your offer, I mean."

"I beg your pardon, my lord—most humbly. I forgot."

Besides, I must raise at least £100,000. I can get a final mortgage of £10,000 on the estate, and if I lose that the mortgagee will foreclose, and, I am ruined. I have explained this much, Tom, because you have a right to know it, as you are the one man who can help me to win the hundred thousand. I want you to—why, what's the matter?"

Tom Kenyon had fainted. He had heard such yarns before, and the conclusion was always a suggestion to "pull" a horse and deliberately lose a race, so that the pleader might retrieve his fortunes by foul means. The thought that the son of his old master—the old Lord Clunmore, the very soul of integrity—could stoop so low was too much for the jockey. Under ordinary circumstances, perhaps, Tom would not have broken down so completely, but he had had a hard day, and for some time he had been compelled to trifle with Nature in order to reduce his weight so that he might ride the "dark" horse, Sir Eric Marsden's Alpha, in the Cesarewitch.

"What's the matter?" repeated Lord Clunmore, when Tom revived.

"Nothing—nothing," was the reply. "I've been

overtraining I expect. Go on, my lord."

"Well, as I was saying, I want you to do me a favor. You know a good horse when you see one. When next you get news of a good thing at long odds, I want you to let me know. My estate has been disbursed on the turf; I want the turf to pay a little back. I will back your selection for all I am worth—or, rather, for all I can raise; and if I win I shall never back another horse as long as I live."

Tom Kenyon could scarcely believe his ears. Lord Clanmore had not come to bribe him to go wrong, after all. It was only a "tip" he wanted—an honest tip. The feeling of relief which passed

over Tom is, to use the jockey's own words, simply indescribable.

"My lord, you have asked me just at the right moment. I am to ride Alpha in the Cesarewitch next week. Beta and Omega are the first favorites, and, according to the betting world, I have practically no chance with Alpha, whose price, at present, is 15 to 1."

"Do you advise me to back Alpha, then?"

"Not yet, my lord. The only horse I am afraid of is Beta. Twenty-four hours before the race I shall have a very good idea as to the probable winner. If you do not hear from me on the morning of the race, back Alpha. If I fancy any other horse is likely to

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CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Annie May Mineral Claim, situated in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On Forty-nine Creek, and is the southern extension of the "Majestic" Mineral Claim.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, P.L.S., of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for Solomon Johnus Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 11,357, and William G. Robinson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 29,369, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this ninth day of May, A. D. 1896.

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before me, you shall know its name by the first post on the race day."

"Thanks, Tom. I understand. If I hear nothing I put my money on Alpha; if Alpha is likely to lose I shall receive a letter. Very good!"

On the night before the great race Tom Kenyon wrote and posted the following brief letter to Lord Clanmore:

"—Hotel, Newmarket.—Alpha has been out of work for two days. Impossible for him to win. Please you to support Beta. Short odds but sure.

TOM KENYON"

The news of Alpha's indisposition was already well known. On the day of the race scarcely any bookmakers supported it, and it started at 20 to 1 against. The man who was most concerned and puzzled was the jockey of Alpha. Alpha's jockey said: "To Tom's surprise, the animal seemed to recover suddenly, and at the starting post Tom felt assured that the spirited horse would stand a good bid for victory."

And Alpha did make a good bid for victory. Slowly, but surely, Alpha and Beta gained on their rivals until they were really the only two horses left in the race. The vast crowd cheered lustily for Beta. A hundred yards from the winning post the pair ran neck and neck, and Tom felt that, bar accidents, he would win.

Then, and not till then, was Tom seized with that

indefinable species of torture which one experiences when one's inclination and duty point in directly opposite directions. If Alpha lost no one would be surprised. Scarcely anybody, except the "bookies," would be sorry, for very few of the thousands of spectators had backed Tom's mount. Above all, Lord Clanmore would be saved from ruin and disgrace—and had he not himself strongly urged the young lord to back Beta?

Only for a few brief moments did Tom hesitate. He thought of his master, Sir Eric Marsden, who had long ago set his mind on carrying off this event, and he thought of his honor, which up to that moment had remained unsullied.

That settled the matter. His mind was made up. With only one object in view—that of winning at all hazards—he urged Alpha on with the whip and spur, and Alpha nobly responded like the game horse he was.

The winning post was neared—reached—passed. A hoarse roar of disappointment, a confused hubbub, and a solitary cheer here and there told Tom plainly enough that Alpha had beaten Beta and won the Cesarewitch. And such was the case, Alpha had won by a short head. Tom Kenyon's honor was saved. Lord Clanmore was irretrievably ruined.

"I congratulate you, old man," said the jockey who rode Beta. "I thought I should have beaten you this time, but—why what's the matter? You

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Tapestry Carpet from Brussels Carpet from Axminster Carpet from English Wilton from Ingrain Carpet from	50c up \$1.20 up \$1.25 up \$1.50 up 50c up
All Carpets sewed and laid free of charge.	

Floor Oilcloth from Window Shades from Curtain Poles from Lace Curtains from	25c up 40c up 40c up 75c up
Art Rugs and Squares at All Prices.	

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don't look very well pleased at your victory."

"Hearty congratulations!" exclaimed Sir Eric Marsden, his face beaming with smiles. "You never rode better in your life, Tom—never."

And then, to add to Tom's discomfiture, Lord Clanmore—the ruined Lord Clanmore—loomed in sight. The winning jockey, feeling sick at heart, tried to avoid him; but Lord Clanmore was not the man to be avoided.

"Tom," excitedly whispered the young lord in his unwilling ear; "Tom, you have saved me!"

The jockey started.

"I put \$10,000 on Alpha at 20 to 1," continued Lord Clanmore, "and I have cleared \$200,000. I shall never forget you, Tom."

Tom Kenyon could scarcely believe his ears. Yet the excited peer was evidently speaking the truth. What did it all mean?

He found out shortly afterwards. An envelope marked "On Her Majesty's Service," reached him, and on opening it Tom found, to his intense astonishment, that it contained the letter he had written to

Lord Clanmore advising him to back Beta instead of Alpha.

The letter had never reached Lord Clanmore, for the very good reason that Tom Kenyon had, in a moment of forgetfulness, posted it without any name or address on the envelope. It had, of course, journeyed to the "dead letter" department of the general postoffice, where it was opened. Then, like thousands of similarly addressed, or, rather, unaddressed, missives which are dropped into pillar boxes every year, it was returned to the writer.—*London Tit-Bits*.

CURRENT COMMENT

Their Business Record.

St. John, N. B., Sun.

We are told that the government at Ottawa is a great business administration." The record does not show it.

Was it proof of business capacity to adopt a pre-

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Wall Paper

terential tariff in ignorance of the fact that it must include "favored nations" as well as England?

Was it business to cancel the fast line contract and talk about bottle nosed ships until the whole scheme collapsed?

Was it good business to offer a kingdom for the construction of a tramway to the Yukon, when a route has since been opened up without cost to the country?

Was it business to make a Drummond county contract which was promptly modified to the country's gain when the original deal was held up by the senate?

Is it business to have Mr. Tarte and Mr. Sifton out of the country when they should be in their places in parliament?

Was it business to go junketing to Washington and come back empty handed, after the boasting of eighteen years?

Was it business to make a plaything of the plebi-

cite, and humbug the prohibitionists?

It is true that "business is business" is the motto of the administration. But that only applies to making contracts with favorites, hugging the machine, and paying unscrupulous organs for upholding the acts of a corrupt and incapable government.

A Greedy Old Tyrant.

Toronto Telegram.

The Toronto boys who burned and hanged Oom Paul in effigy were not magnanimous. The Hamilton *Herald* commits a crime in the name of magnanimity when it idealizes a selfish and corrupt old schemer. Kruger was the head and front of a corrupt ring which included Joubert and Cronje. Cronje and Joubert were supposed to be generals. Kruger was popularly regarded as a statesman. They were all traders on the hatred of Britain, which made them rich, and Kruger was the worst of a bad lot. There

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MICPIE MINERAL CLAIM.

Situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Was first located in the Todd Mountain, about one mile from the Silver King mine.

Take notice that J. Robert Scott, Lemont, acting as agent for Hamilton George Newlands, Esq., Mine's Certificate No. H. 11,235, dated, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the expiration of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 15th day of May, A. D. 1888.

R. S. LENNIE

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is no analogy between Kruger and William the Silent, John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell, George Washington, or any of the great patriots of history. It is not written that patriotism ever made a millionaire of any of the true men whose names shine like stars in the long night of selfishness and tyranny. But Kruger identified the cause of his country with his own greed for riches and power. The quality of his statesmanship is proved by the destruction of the Republic, which was immolated on the altar of his ignorance. Brave with the lives of other men old Kruger may be, but there are thousands of men on both sides in South Africa who have given greater proofs of bravery. History is likely to write Paul Kruger down as a corrupt old ignoramus, who victimized a brave and simple-minded people into thinking that he was a great man, and following him to their own destruction.

Administration of Justice.
Salt Lake Tribune.

On April 21 three men undertook to blow up the Thorold lock on Welland canal with dynamite. They were caught, arraigned in the Canadian courts on

Wednesday of last week, tried and convicted on Thursday and sentenced to life imprisonment on Friday. That is an exhibition of the execution of the law which might be copied with success on this side of the line. Had they succeeded, they would have caused a fearful disaster, involving no end of loss of property and possibly of life. The authorities dealt with them at once, and effectively. Every motion for a rehearing or new trial was overruled. They were promptly placed in a position where they will not attempt to blow up any more locks in the world, and under the rule that governs there, there will be no possible danger of their being pardoned in a year or two and turned out to renew their devilry.

Horace Greeley and Mary Young Cheeley were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a common friend, who was something of a matchmaker, having brought this about. She was all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter, she frankly told him that, although she married him, she was not in love with him. Their married life was long and happy, and the loss of his wife was a blow which Greeley did not long survive.

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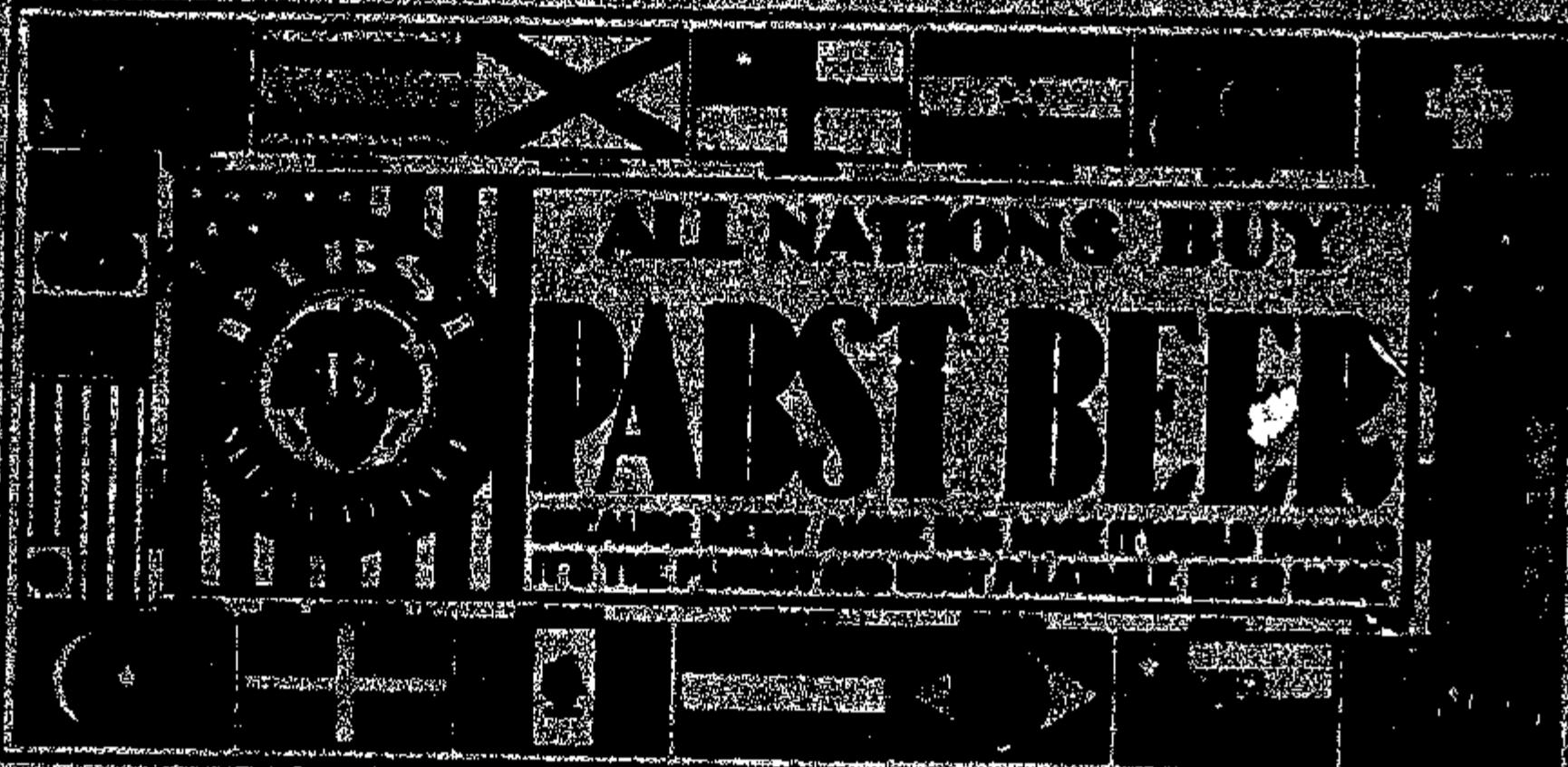
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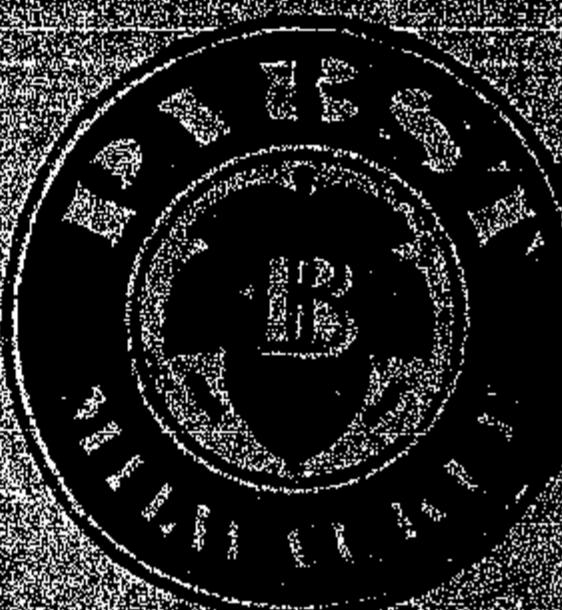
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